

Well Trained.

It is said: Horses have brains and affection and easily learn.

Any way Clyde Thomas has a horse that is onto his job and Clyde's wishes. Last week Clyde was booked to bring a young lady to the city to attend the theatre and of course was a little frustrated over the event.

Anyway he hitched his fancy driver to his pretty buggy, but forgot to hitch the horse to the post. He rushed into the house to Ma and supper and then made for his horse and buggy that could not be found high nor low.

Finally the horse and buggy, Ok, was found, but where? standing at the hitch post at D. H. Stoddard's. Now don't you dare say that horse has not been listening to Clyde during their drives.

The Time

Of his life, is the way Henry I. Lear expresses it. He said: Yes I saw my little finger off, split my foot open with an ax, broke three ribs, but now I'm having the time of my life with a big bloomin' bone felon on the middle finger of my left hand.

Palmyra, Mo., Dec. 12. Marion County's new \$50,000 infirmary and hospital now is in the course of construction here. The contracts all were let recently by the County Court. The building is of unique design, as such buildings go. It has a frontage of 250 feet and is to be built of pressed brick with slated roof. It will be steam-heated, and will be lighted by electricity. The dining-room, kitchen, laundry and boilers all are contained in a detached building to the rear of the main hall, but the two structures are connected by a tunnel. The infirmary will accommodate 125 persons, in addition to furnishing a home for the family of the superintendent. Fred Bell, of Fulton, Mo. is the architect.

A Timely Gift.

The best Christmas present you can make your friends the salesmen and saleswomen is to get busy early, get out of the way, and do your part toward lessening the inevitable last-minute jam.—Washington Herald.

Thomas Vanmarter and family of Indian Creek have fallen in love with Monroe where they have many friends and to do that means to gain first class citizens, for this is to be their home. Mr. Vanmarter has bought the harness and saddle business from Less Orsborne as you will see in another column. The Democrat bids them welcome.

Henry Smith must sure believe in a Missouri girl for he started for California and when half way there turned around and returned to Missouri where the squirrel barks on the hill side, the clover fed cows low in the pasture, where the big red apple grows and where the blush on a girls cheek is far prettier than that on a peach and to where the cricket chirps on the hearth while he looks upon that blush.

Mrs. Fred Willmeyer, of Burlington, Iowa arrived Saturday to visit her father, Henry Behne.

A. R. Little and wife spent the Sabbath with friends in Brookfield.

Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH



UH! looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a con-
 "Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it.
 "For instance, a husband, 'long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut.
 "So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the mulehead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.
 "Watchoo got in there, anyway?" he asks her.
 "She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'
 "But, say, g'wan and tell me what-choo got in there, won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.
 "Whereupon his wife makes mention of that feline that met an untimely end through curiosity.
 "That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, "but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's cigars that you've got in there." And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. "Say, I hope not, though. I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, zzy-how."
 "But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part.
 "Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. "I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing."
 "However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side combs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically.
 "Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive tone.
 "Say, Minnie, you might let a fellow see what you've got tucked in there, at that."
 "Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised.'
 "Look, here, hun," he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—"Look a-here, my dear, whatchoo want for Christmas, hey? It's up to you, you know?"
 "Why, the very idea!" she exclaims. "Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me."
 "Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But, d'ye know, I was thinking about getting you—"
 "Sh-sh-sh! Stop!" she cries. "Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!"
 "All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her.
 "You know, of course, Jack," she says, musingly, "that if you are wor-"
 your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—
 "But, nix," he breaks in. "It isn't anything that comes in sizes. It's one of those—"
 "And again her fingers go into her ears. The 'sprise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her.
 "Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, I dunno, hey?"

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC.

Theatrical Performance by Crew of an Icebound Ship Sixty Years Ago.

Christmas eve was the opening night of the theater, the first one ever known in those regions, writes Capt. B. S. Osborn, in Recreation. It opened to a full house and yet not an advertisement had appeared in any paper on the face of the globe. No flaring posters had adorned the walls of the village on shore, but the villagers were all there as "first nighters." Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra—the minstrel band—in lieu of an opening overture, gave us a selection from their repertoire, which was generally applauded, and to the tinkling of a bell up went the curtain. The play was "Black-Eyed Susan," adapted from a famous old song of that name, well known to all sailors in those times. It was a play in three acts, interspersed with some familiar sea ditties of the day. Susan was the star of the evening and the young fellow who took her part played and looked it to perfection. His make-up was very clever, considering the material at his command. The wig had been made of fine combed yarns braided as deftly as any girl could have done it. Susan's cheeks and lips were very red—from the paint pot—and large pendant earrings dangled from her ears. Her dress was faultless in fashion and fit, her carriage graceful and she acted the girl to the unbounded satisfaction of the "vast assemblage." The Esquimaux portion of the audience was amazed at the performance, but Susan was an even greater puzzle to them. None of them had ever seen a white woman. It was good as a play to watch those poor, untutored natives as they followed the piece with intense wonderment.



Extent of Their Friendship.

Dimpleton—Do you still keep up your friendship with the Caterbys?
 Hatterson—We see them very little, but we annoy each other with Christmas presents every year.

The Sweetest Bells.

The bells ring clear at Christmastide
 From steeple and from tower;
 All hearts with love are beating high—
 Love is their Christmas bower.

There is no time in all the year
 When hearts are more atune—
 The Christmas bells to winter are
 What roses are to June.

But steeple bells and tower bells
 Ring not for saint or sinner,
 A sweeter note than bells of home
 That calls to Christmas dinner.



No Cause for Joy.

Photographer (taking family group)—
 Now, then, Mr. Housefull, the expressions are all right but yours. Try and look happy—remember that Christmas is coming.
 Mr. Housefull (despondently)—
 Confound it, man, that's just what I am thinking about!

Ladies, do not enter a store which is crowded with shoppers and leave your purse or shopping bag on the counter or show case to tempt some poor person to commit a wrong. If you do, you are equally guilty. Do not tempt any one this glad season with Santa so near.

To judge by the prospectus of a book written by an ex-Baptist minister, U. G. Robison of St. Louis, formerly head of the Anti-Saloon League, he is one of the best advocates of the saloon men, because he is charging the Anti-Saloon League and the reform promoters with several kinds of naughty things. We predict that his book will sell like wild fire and all saloon men will buy or read it for moral logic in refutation of their own business being any worse than that of the reformers.

John Wood of Hannibal, has been with Monroe friends.

Mrs. M. Patterson, of Ely was with friends in this city Monday.

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Indorsed by the Missouri Democratic Editorial Association at its meeting in St. Louis, September 25, 1908.

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Resigned.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. The recognition of Judge W. H. Wallace, of the criminal court of Jackson county was received by Governor Folk today. This action will end the ouster suit which is pending against Wallace. He attracted attention by his efforts to enforce the Sunday closing laws against there.

Practical Joke.

No man is better known in this section of the country than the prosperous stockman and farmer, William Buckman, and no man enjoys a joke more than he.

Uncle Tom Yates, stock buyer and a good fellow from any view point, was Will's father-in-law, but that did not curb his love for fun, so when he met Uncle Tom he said to him: "Say, I've a gray horse, both eyes good and without a blemish that I will sell you sight unseen, what will you give for him?" Uncle Tom fished out a quarter and said:

"Two-bits." Will's reply was: "He's yours."

With a laugh Uncle Tom left him and thought no more of the transaction until Saturday afternoon when Will managed to deliver the gray at the salesbarns of Hayden & Yates. The animal was as Will said, but he was something more than that. Too thin to skin and too old, 987 years, to live long.

So Uncle Tom has one horse that he don't how to dispose of.

W. W. Longmire has bought the Mrs. John Wood property between his office building and the First Baptist church. He did so for the purpose of controlling it and not because he wanted it. Consideration private.

Marion McFarland of Rensselaer, was a business visitor in the Queen of the Prairies, Monday.

Miss Myra Wiseheart of Lewistown, arrived Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. George W. Kidd.